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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879.

NUMBER 18.

POETRY.

The Printer to His Bride.

Come to my arms, you lovely "quod,"
My charming little Nelly;
My bride, I'll "set" you in "bourgeoisie,"
Trimmed round with "nonpareil."

Your "form" is beauteous to behold,
And ruddy is your "face;"
Your "color" glows just like to one
Returning from the "chase."

O had I "space" to tell you all
The charms that, when a girl,
You did possess, and gave the "proof,"
In "agate and in 'pearl."

I could not in a "column" write,
Of "idea" and "brevity,"
The "measure" of your matchless worth,
Or justify you, dear.

"Long primer" it would take to do
Your picture, and not flatter;
The "copy" to my heart I'd "press,"
For lack of other "matter."

Were you arrayed in costly "dross,"
A "diamond" in your hair,
Or stripped just like a "galley" slave,
You'd be to me as fair.

And should a "minion" round you fawn,
On him I'd put a "head;"
And with my trusty "shooting stick,"
I'd fill him full of "lead."

Happy through life, in every "case,"
This "rule" we'd rest upon;
I'd be to you true manhood's "type,"
And you my "paragon."

STORE TELLER.

HER HOLIDAY.

A HUSBAND'S STORY.

Yes, it was to be her holiday—"all
for her." Nobody else was to have any
share in it except myself—that is, if
going as her courier, paymaster and
general factotum could be called hav-
ing a share in a holiday.

We had been married nearly ten
years, and what with the cares of home
and the training of numerous olive
branches, she had never had any chance
for a rest. Of course, we had been to
the sea side frequently, and all that
sort of thing; but then, surrounded by
children and nurses, these trips had
only been a continuation of the gener-
al London responsibilities, plus the
worries and inconvenience of lodgings
or hotels. Moreover, within the last
few years there had been some trouble
in her family, which had acted very
prejudicially upon her sensitive and
high-strung nature. So now we are
going away alone—going to leave all
the children at home in the care of
grandmammas—were going abroad for
six weeks whenever she liked. Her
will was to be paramount: I was to be
her slave—to pay the bills and look
after the luggage. Her affection and
untiring devotion to her duties de-
served no less. She had thoroughly
qualified herself for enjoying a holiday;
she had earned it. "Italy," she said,
"where there was sunlight, beauty and
quiet." Good! I waved my magician's
wand, rubbed the lamp, or spread the
carpet, or did any one of those won-
derful things which necromancers of
yore were wont to do when desiring to
be transported to distant places—or,
rather, I resorted to the modern gold-
en equivalent for such proceedings—and
we found ourselves certainly, as if
by magic, at Lucerne. Thence we
were to take it easy, and so jogged
along over the St. Gothard Pass, and
dropped into Italy at the Locarno end
of the Lago Maggiore.

By this time she was beginning to
enjoy herself thoroughly; she had got
over the fatigue, and already looked
much as she did the day I married her.
Yes, it was very delightful to see her
so well and happy.

"Why, it is like a honeymoon over-
again," she said; "or rather it is as if
there had been no break, and that it
was only the continuation of those
early days."

We spent hours and hours upon the
lake, beneath the awnings of the flat-
bottomed boats, those first inceptions
of the gondola, or we wandered up to
the picturesque old convent or sanctu-
ary of the Madonna del Sasso, set like
a jewel among the blue hills behind
the town. And there in the soft au-
tumn evenings we sat and watched the
glorious sunset, and the boundless
panorama of alp, plain, and lake, while
the bell in the campanile hard by called
the peasantry to vespers, and the
pealing of the deep-toned organ re-
sounded through the choir.

We selected Locarno as a halting-
place, because it was at that time, and
is so partially still, out of the rush of the
tourists. A primitive place, with simple
civil people willing to serve and oblige
honestly, and without having for the
first question in their minds, "What
shall we get by it?" Thus we came to
know some of them living up there near
the sanctuary, and to speak or nod
when we met from time to time.

Notably among these was a mother
and child—a sweet little chubby cher-
ub of a boy about four. The Italian
folk in the north there are not as a
rule handsome, but this mother was an
exception, and the child was like her.

Superior, too, in all respects, she look-
ed better born, bred and nurtured;
nay, there was even a look of culture
and refinement about her.

Immensely attracted by this pair,
my wife, particularly, would lose no
opportunity of giving the little one a
pat and a kiss, and of exchanging a
pleasant word or two in the best Italian
she could muster with the mother,
who by degrees on her part began to
speak a little English, and to take us
into her confidence. She explained that
she had married an Englishman,
a gentleman, she declared, who had
died suddenly more than four years
ago, and just before the little one was
born. His family never knew of the
marriage. He had intended, she said,
to proclaim it, and face the consequen-
ces of the *mesalliance*, as it would be
called; but his sudden end prevented
this, and to this day she believed her
existence even was unknown to her
husband's people. But she did not
care; he had left her just enough to
live upon; and she had come to dwell
at Locarno, where her aged father
lived, and whose last days she desired
to soothe. She was quite contented
with the humble life she led there in
yonder little chalet—at least, until the
good God should take him to his rest.

Would we enter the abode and speak
to her father? He was a very hand-
some old man, a native of Tuscany,
who had seen better days. *Mai* it
mattered little that, or why he had
come so far north.

Her name, we asked.
Ah, her maiden name was one that
in past times had struck terror to the
foes of liberty; she would rather not
mention it; her father, even, had con-
sidered it wise to drop it, and had adopt-
ed her surname, her married name, the
name of her husband, that is.

What, had he taken an English
name?
No, not an English name; her hus-
band had been naturalized as an Italian,
had changed his name for reasons—
they did not signify; and he was
known as Giorgio Vianero; she was
Lucia.

Of course, we went in and spoke to
the old farmer-like man, who, partially
paralyzed, always sat by the window
of his neat little house. He received
us with the grace of a prince, regret-
ting that his infirmities prevented him
from doing the honors of the neigh-
borhood, so beautiful as it was.

Naturally we looked in upon him
more than once, but still it was the
grandchild that was the attraction,
my wife declaring that little Paolo was
the veriest darling she had ever seen,
that he reminded her of her youngest,
and that she should like to carry him
off, probably because we had not enough
of our own.

Now, she was a woman not given to
morbid fancies, thoroughly healthy,
with plenty of common sense. So I
was a little surprised at this extrava-
gant admiration, and to hear her say
that the child bore any resemblance to
ours. I could see none; but it was
"her holiday," and she was not to be
crossed.

Well, if I was surprised by this,
judge how much more so I was when
she suddenly one morning announced
her wish to return home.

"We have not been away three
weeks," I mildly protested.

"No," she said; "but I have a strange
longing to see the children; I can't
bear to be away from them any longer.
I never have been away from them two
days, much less two weeks, before, and
I can't bear it; I must go back."

"And leave thus suddenly your pretty
little protegee on the hill up there?"
I ventured to say.

"Yes," she answered; "that is the
reason, that is what has made me wish
to go. I mean the sight of that moth-
er's love for her child makes me en-
vious; I want to be with my own."

What could I say? It was her holi-
day, to do as she pleased with; if she
pleased to cut it short she must.

"We will be off to-night," I said;
but inwardly I was grieved, saddened,
not only by the disappointment, but
because, seeing that we had excellent
accounts from home, this strange freak
had something morbid in it, unlike her.
Yet there was no appeal, and I began
making preparations for our depart-
ure.

"You will go up and say good-bye to
the little chap, your friend?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered; "you
will come with me, won't you?"

"We will go at once," I said. I was
the slave, and I had nothing to do but
to obey.

It was a wild and gusty day for Au-
gust, and the landscape looked less in-
viting than usual, as we ascended the
zigzag path leading to the sanctuary a
little above which, on the hill-side, lay
the home of our new friends. At one
of the angles near the top of this zig-
zag the path passed perilously close to
a steep precipice, which for some dis-
tance formed one bank of a mountain
stream as it came tearing down over a
rocky bed. This spot was a great
height from the level of the lake, and
the precipice itself just there was some
forty feet above the river. A few

rough bushes made a feeble parapet
on the broken ground at the actual
edge, but beyond these there was noth-
ing but a sheer down wall of rock. As
we reached this corner we saw flutter-
ing in the wind what looked at first
like a handkerchief hanging from one
of the bushes, but which proved on
our coming closer to be the garment
of a child who was standing at the
very verge of the chasm.

"How dangerous!" exclaimed my
wife; "who can have left a child in
such a place?"

It was a solitary walk, this, especial-
ly at midday, and we had not met a
creature since we had cleared the out-
skirts of the town, except an old monk
toddling down upon some mundane er-
rand.

"Ah!" she cried, as we got still near-
er, "why, it is—yes, I declare—why, it
is dear, little Paolo himself. Good
gracious! he has strayed away down
here alone to look for blackberries, no
doubt;" and as she spoke she rushed
forward, and seizing the child by the
skirt drew it back from the perilous
edge over which it was craning. As I
came up we both saw that the little
creature was crying bitterly, and he
immediately began pointing down to-
wards the stream, and lisping out,
"Mia madre, mia madre!"

I bent over and looked down in the
direction the little one was pointing,
and to my dismay among the rocks at
the very verge of the river beheld, ly-
ing prostrate thirty feet below, the
motionless form of the mother.

Then ensued a scene which I will
not dwell upon. I flew up to the
sanctuary for assistance. My wife,
clasping the little one in her arms,
hastened down to a place where it was
just possible by a very rough scramble
to get round to the bed of the river.
Here I and those whom I had brought
with me presently joined her, and we
made our way to the luckless woman.

She was not dead, but quite insensi-
ble, and after infinite trouble and care
we managed to carry her up to her
home, my wife with Paolo in her arms
preceding us, and breaking the sad
news to the aged father.

The only sort of medical aid obtain-
able in that primitive place came from
the sanctuary, and soon an old monk,
to whom the natives all seemed to re-
fer, was in attendance, and after a care-
ful examination of the patient pro-
nounced that by a great mercy no
bones were broken, but that the poor
woman was suffering from concussion
of the brain, and that some weeks
might elapse before she would be
about again.

"Do you still hold to your deter-
mination of returning home?" I said
to my wife, when the excitement and
the sorrow which this catastrophe had
caused were a little abated; for I own
I was selfish enough to hope that out
of this evil good might come in the
shape of making her prolong her holi-
day. The hope was realized.

"No," she answered; "perhaps I can
be of some use here; I will not go back
yet. This little one will want a moth-
er's care now; I will be that mother,
for I love him more than ever that he
belonged to me."

I need hardly say that under other
circumstances I should have entirely
objected to her assuming such mater-
nal responsibilities; that I should have
pointed out that it was no duty of hers,
a well-born lady, in this fashion to
look after the offspring of an unknown
peasant woman, and that there were
plenty of neighbors willing and ready
to undertake the task, and who were
really the proper people, &c.

But what could I do? Was it not
"her holiday?" had I not promised a
hundred times to conform to her every
wish, whim, or caprice—because I
thought she had none, and I never ex-
pected to be put to this kind of test, for
had I not married a sensible woman? I
was puzzled, but I could only con-
form, saying to myself, "They are
strange creatures, women; one never
knows them—no, not after ten years
of the closest intimacy."

So we staid on; she devoting the
greater part of her time to attendance
upon the sick woman (who still lay
unconscious) and her child, whose
lisping and imperfect words had told
us too plainly that it was while stretch-
ing over the edge of the precipice to
gather blackberries for him that his
mother had lost her footing and fallen
headlong down. My wife would spend
hours by the bedside. I ventured to
remonstrate, and got a severe snub-
bing for my pains.

One evening, about one week after
the catastrophe, while waiting for her
at a spot hard by the sanctuary where
we often sat, she came up to me in the
most excited frame of mind. I was
really alarmed; I had never seen her
equable temperament so disturbed.

"O Walter," she exclaimed, "I have
just come from the poor woman, and
I have had such a shock! She has re-
gained consciousness, but not her
senses, which the good *frate*, who
watches her always, tells me frequen-
tly happens in such cases."

"But what of that? Why should it
excite you so?" I asked, quite satisfied
by my wife's words.

"Ah, I don't know; I cannot tell
you; my hopes, my belief, have hard-
ly taken form yet; only come quickly
with me up to the house. O, Walter,
it is all so wonderful! Come let us
get on faster; I want to get back that
you and I may listen to Lucia Viane-
ro's broken words, prove their mean-
ing, and so clear up a doubt that—"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "What
can she have said to so strangely
move you?" and I inwardly thought,
"O that I had never consented to her
holiday!"

"I will tell you, if you will only hur-
ry as fast as you can. Signs of
animation set in about an hour ago,
and her first words were, 'Paolo, Pa-
olina.' I held the boy up to her, but
she took no heed of him, and went on
murmuring another name over and
over again so often that I felt quite
mysteriously affected. It was—"

"What was it?" I asked. "What was
the name?"

"The old monk held up a warning
finger as we entered; we hardly dared
to draw a breath as we listened to
Lucia's low, unconscious tones.

"Giorgio, Giorgio mio," she was
saying in Italian, like one who talks in
a dream, "never tell of our marriage;
they will not love me, they will neg-
lect me. Hide it, and the little one
too; do not let them see him; they
would break his heart with coldness,
they would not even own him! Yes,
perhaps your sister might, for she
loved you, Giorgio mio; you have
told me so. She felt for you, and
wept for you, and knew why you went
away, and came to live in the midst of
sunny skies and beautiful pictures.

"Ah, well, you can tell her if you like;
she would love Paolina for your sake.
Look at him, Giorgio. Kiss him!"

Here she seemed once more to lapse
into unconsciousness, and the good
frate said:

"Ah, poor Lucia, her mind wanders
back to her marriage, and mingling
past and present she speaks of what
never was; the father never saw the
child."

"Did you know her husband, then?"
inquired my wife in Italian.

"The *frate* shook her head; 'Only
the circumstances of the marriage.'"

"Tell me, what were they?" she ex-
claimed, clasping her hands in an ag-
ony of excitement.

"Simple, very simple," said the holy
man, quite unmoved, and shrugging
his ample shoulders; "a young Eng-
lishman, an artist, living in Florence,
and who had made Italy the land of
his adoption, and who took an Italian
name, fell in love with Lucia, who was
his model, and married her; not an
unusual occurrence among your coun-
trymen, I believe," he added, turning
to me.

I was bewildered; did not know in
the least what to make of all this, and
I have no doubt I looked as stupidly
helpless as I felt.

"And then?" eagerly inquired my
wife, seizing the *frate*'s arm, and look-
ing into his face, after casting a glance
of unutterable scorn upon me.

"He made a little home for her, and
everything promised well for their
happiness, when he was taken sudden-
ly ill, broke a blood-vessel, and died
in Lucia's arms."

"Do you know what his English
name was?" here again inquired my
wife.

"What can you possibly want to
know that for?" I interposed in Eng-
lish, quite in the dark as to what she
was driving at.

"O, Walter, Walter! how stupid you
are!" she answered, throwing more
and more contempt into her words and
manner; "does nothing suggest itself
to you? Can't you guess what I am
thinking of? Tell me," she said, again
repeating the question in Italian, and
turning to the monk, "tell me the
English name of Lucia's husband; do
you know what it was?"

"Si, Signora, si; but I cannot re-
veal it; it was made known to me un-
der the seal of confession."

Seeing that she was again about to
urge the *frate* to grant her request, I
entreated her to be silent, and to look
after little Paolo, who was climbing
up to his mother and trying to make
her play with him.

"Ah!" she then exclaimed, "Dear lit-
tle fellow; do look at him, Walter, and
then think of his father's assumed
Italian name—Vianero; think what
its English equivalent means."

More bewildered than ever, I obeyed
her command, and began to think,
while she, once more in Italian, earnest-
ly entreated the *frate* to tell her name.

"For mercy's sake, let me know,"
she said. "I am not asking out of idle
curiosity, but only that love and ser-
vice may be rendered to the memory of
the dead. I feel that I am on the
point of a discovery; tell me, am I
not right in believing that his name
was Giorgio Blackaway?"

The old monk staid at these
words, and so did I; for this was the
name of my wife's only brother, whose
death was the piece of family sorrow
referred to at starting.

ago—long before I knew the family—
had expatriated himself, and with the
little competence he possessed, had
entirely withdrawn himself from all
his early associations. His sister alone
at long intervals had tidings of him,
and at length we heard, but not till
long after the event, that he had died
in Florence suddenly. There was a
rumor that he had married under an
assumed name, and had been naturaliz-
ed as an Italian, but nothing very defi-
nite ever came to light.

"Yes," exclaimed my wife, turning
with an air of triumph to me; "and
perhaps, Walter, you can now under-
stand what it was that drew me from
the first toward this woman and child,
and why the little creature has inspired
me with such a deep affection. It was
the mysterious and subtle instinct of
kinship, of blood relationship, for this
baby-boy is my brother's child; and
with these words she seized the little
fellow, clasped him to her bosom, and
wept copiously.

The matter was clear to me now at
last; but who on earth could have ex-
pected such a denouement, or that she
should have been led to the only spot
where she could have gained any tid-
ings of her brother?

And yet so it was, and this discov-
ery was the result of "her holiday,"
that treat which I had designed "all
for her." Of course, we had an addi-
tion to our family; of course the con-
tract for her holiday would not have
been completed if I had interposed any
view of mine, and had prevented her
carrying off in the end the young
semi-Italian scaramouch to add to our
own collection.

However, I am bound to say, I be-
lieve she might not have pressed this
point had it not been for the fatal ef-
fect of the accident, which after all
terminated in Lucia's death, and con-
sequently for the child having this,
as it were, fallen to our charge as his
natural guardians. It was all very
sad and miserable, the end of our time
at Locarno involving complications
with the local law. We were detained
there till the end of October, for the
old *padrone* departed this life soon af-
ter his daughter, and we had some
difficulty in proving our right to the
child.

Our right to the child! Humph!
Truly, women are wonderful beings;
and she had discovered it through
that mysterious, delicate subtle futu-
rion to which our masculine and gross-
er natures are entire strangers. She
was quite correct from the first. Little
Paolo had grown up marvelously
like his youngest cousin; even I can
see it now.

SOCIAL PARTY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I send you some
news about a social gathering that
may, I hope, be as acceptable, if not
interesting, to your numerous readers
as the party was to us.

According to invitations extended
three weeks ago, a social party, held
under the auspices of the Moravian
Church, assembled at the residence of
Benjamin Lanius (a deaf-mute of fine
culture) on the evening of Tuesday,
April 15th, to the number of seventy-
five speaking ladies and gentlemen, and
seven deaf-mutes. The principal event
on that occasion was the comical
amusement, or the parlor tableau, that
was opened in the presence of the
guests by some lovely ladies and gen-
tlemen, who aided by their sweet mu-
sic, which amused the speaking guests
as well as some deaf-mutes, and justice
was done to the cheer and merriment
of the guests. It was, no doubt, a rich
treat, especially to some deaf-mutes
present, as they had never attended a
social party held here. It was one of
the most splendid and interesting of
the season, and as such it will never
be forgotten by some deaf-mutes pre-
sent. The deaf-mutes present were:
Mr. Benjamin Lanius and wife, John
A. Lehr and wife, Daniel Bentzel,
Hugh Gross, and George Kohler.

Here is an account of the party
from the *Evening Dispatch*: "A so-
ciable was given under the auspices of
the members of the Moravian Church,
which met at Mr. Benjamin Lanius'
residence, to the number of 75 guests,
seven of whom were deaf-mutes, and a
pleasant evening was passed by some
exciting dialogues and comic exercises
and also some delightful music."

The deaf-mutes of York and its vi-
cinity will be glad to unite in a body
to listen to the word of God from Mr.
Job Turner on the 7th of July.

Yours respectfully,
SINUS.

York, Pa., April 22d, 1879.

DEATH OF A PARALYTIC—RAFT- ING ON THE DELAWARE.

BARRVILLE, N. Y., April 17, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I must tell you
some sad news about the beloved moth-
er of a deaf-mute lady, Miss Eva Hor-
ton, of Port Jervis, Orange county,
N. Y., who died of paralysis, on the
31st of last March. She died from
her elbow being broken by falling from
a wagon, while going to church, on
the 20th of November, 1877. She has
suffered long.

I write a few lines

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news, and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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WHOLESONE COUNSEL.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, offered some very wholesome suggestions, in our last week's edition, for the benefit of those who are prone to so far forget the rules of propriety, and disregard the civility due others, as to practice the reprehensible habit of talking (called whispering among speaking people), while ostensibly witnessing lectures, or at devotional exercises at religious meetings. We see no reason why, if we understand the case in hand, there should be any cause for those who were engaged in conversation at the public gathering named to raise any point on the "iron rod" subject. Everywhere, among all classes of people, and in every condition of society, it is adjudged to be a right of a public lecturer, teacher, or minister of the gospel to raise objections against the carrying on of conversations by any of his audience whenever the same, in any way, disturbs either himself or any portion of his listeners.

No person, male or female, at any public meeting, lecture, or entertainment of any kind should be so unmindful of the duty they owe to themselves, the speaker, and the audience as to indulge, unnecessarily, in conversation, long or short. Lectures, sermons, and instructive entertainments on the stage are not prepared, delivered, or acted for the purpose of inviting in the public to amuse one another by unlicensed chattering or by frequent surreptitious snatches of whisperings—either in sign-language or by the use of the ordinary organs of speech—and many of the most renowned public speakers and divines never shrink from the task—though unpleasant to themselves—to rebuke them at discretion. Common courtesy forbids any disturbance, even by whisperers, at all lectures and religious services, and to rebuke such is always in order.

NEW JERSEY INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

Mr. Peter B. Gulick, of Stockton, N. J., a graduate of the New York Institution, called a public meeting, which was held in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol in Trenton, on Tuesday evening, the 22d ult., for the purpose of establishing an institution for deaf-mutes in that city. Remarks were made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Scarborough, Rev. Dr. Hall, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Gulick, and others. A committee of seven gentlemen, with Mr. Samuel L. Bailly as its chairman, was appointed to consult in relation to the matter. They will report to another meeting to be held in Trenton, probably, on Thursday evening, June 5th. Mr. and Miss Wilgus, deaf-mutes, of Hamilton Square, rode five miles to attend the meeting.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF A WEDDING.

On the 21st of April, 1869, in St. Ann's Church, New York, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter united in marriage Mr. Alexander D. Shaw and Miss Caroline Badd Gallaudet. On Monday evening, the 21st inst., the tenth anniversary of that joyful occasion was quietly commemorated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw near New Brighton, Staten Island. There were present Mrs. Munson (the sister of Mr. Shaw), Mrs. Dr. B. W. Budd, Miss Gertrude C. Walter, Miss Susan Hopper, Mr. William H. Budd, Mr. Ogden D. Budd, and Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet with all their family, excepting Mr. Bern B. Gallaudet, a junior in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The two little children, Mabel and Munson Shaw, being the light of the household, formed the center of attraction. Several presents of tin were made.

SISTERHOOD ANNIVERSARY.

The tenth anniversary of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, of which Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet is the pastor, was observed by a special service in the chapel of St. Barnabas House, in Mulberry street, near Bleeker street, New York, on Tuesday, the 22d ult., at 11 A. M. The tenth annual report was read by the pastor, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter made an address. This sisterhood has the care of poor women and children, providing situations for the former, and having a House School and Day Nursery for the latter. In the little company of sixteen children who live in St. Barnabas House there is a bright, interesting deaf-mute boy about five years of age. When he is old enough he will go to the deaf-mute institution. The Day Nursery cares for upwards of sixty children, who are left in the morning and taken home at night, thus enabling their mothers to go out to work. Visitors in New York should give St. Barnabas House a call.

A FABLE.

A tree was growing in a certain orchard. It had many imperfections in its branches, and seemed to be gradually pining away. A conceited wood-pecker undertook to improve the condition of the tree. He, therefore, daily pecked away at the branches, removing worms and rotten places. But his labor was in vain. He did not improve things. At length the farmer took the matter in hand. He dug away some hard, old soil which lay heavily on the roots. He brought some warm, rich soil and put it in its place. Soon the tree began to swell with vigorous life, and cast off all its imperfections. The tree was encouraged by the farmer's generous treatment. MORAL.—Encouragement is better than fault-finding.

CONFIRMATION SERVICES.

Confirmation will be administered in St. Ann's Church, Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, New York, on the third Sunday after Easter, May 4th, at 3 P. M. The class will be composed, as usual, of deaf-mutes and those who hear and speak. The services will, therefore, be read and interpreted in the sign-language at the same time.

Acknowledgments of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm, for February and March, 1879.

FEBRUARY, 1879.	
Mrs. Warren Newcomb	25.00
Mrs. Wm. K. Thorne	25.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Libbey	100.00
C. C. Colgate	10.00
Adm. Wednesday offering at St. Ann's	10.00
Offerings at services for deaf-mutes in Brooklyn and Harlem	.60
Brooklyn, N. Y.	25.00
Children's Fair, throughout the Mission	20.50
Teachers and pupils of the institution for deaf-mutes, Stanton, Va.	5.00
Mrs. Richard Springs, Cedar Springs, S. C.	2.50
H. W. Gelsenheimer	.25
Mrs. H. T. Eldred	.50
John Sneden	10.00
Mrs. Anderson	2.00
M. T. D. Runcie	.50
Mrs. E. F. Rogers	1.00
Mrs. Hannah N. Connor	1.00
E. B. Morgan	5.00
B. M. Mason	2.00
H. F. Hills	1.00
Caroline Irwood	10.00
A. B. Sturge	1.00
E. C. Benedict	5.00
Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's, Brooklyn	.50
Janet Austin	.50
Wm. B. Utley	.50
R. B. Cane	.50
R. E. Mount	5.00
Mrs. C. Smith	2.00
H. K. Bogert	1.00
Mrs. A. J. Vanderpool	5.00
Cash and Anonymous	41.22

MARCH, 1879.	
G. Fersheim	2.00
In memoriam, C. A. B.	5.00
S. R. Comstock	20.00
St. Peter's Church, Mass.	2.50
Edward Baker	15.00
Christ Church, New Brighton, S. I.	20.00
C. R. Beebe	100.00
C. B. Newell	2.00
H. P. Barker	2.00
St. Andrew's Church, Harlem	.72
Church of the Holy Trinity	24.71
Grace Church, Mexico, N. Y.	2.00
Miss Rhineland	25.00
Christ Church, Williamsburg	.50
Wm. P. Low	5.00
Grace Church, New York	.50
Richard Marlender	5.00
T. W. Stevens	20.00
Adams Express Company	5.00
C. C. Gray	5.00
P. P. Dickinson	10.00
St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn	.41
Dr. George E. Beleh	5.00
Grace Church, Mexico, N. Y.	1.00
E. P. Wheeler	5.00
Salvador Ros	2.00
Cash and Anonymous	83.41

Donations may be sent to the General Manager, Thomas Gallaudet, No. 9 West Eighth street, or the collector, Mr. James Lewis, No. 205 West Eighteenth street, New York.

A Table,

for those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAY 4th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 4th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Joel iii, v. 9.
2d Lesson—Acts v.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 4th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Micah iv.
2d Lesson—Colossians iii.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Easter.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

ALL well at the Kansas Institution.

WILLIAM Kelly died last spring at Danville, Pa., aged about 70 years.

ONLY one case of sickness, and that chronic, at the Kentucky Institution.

The dining hall of the Wisconsin Institution has lately been much improved.

A little girl saw that a deaf-mute could not talk, and asked if he had no ears.

At the date of the last number of the *Star*, April 29th, fruit trees were in bloom.

A "teachers' meeting" was held every Thursday evening at the Kentucky Institution.

The pupils of the Michigan Institution were treated liberally to eggs on Easter Sunday.

Mr. C. A. Nute, of Mexican salve fame, has moved his shop from Ashley to Louisiana, Mo.

NINE of the classes at the Ohio Institution held an interesting social evening not long since.

By a score of 11 to 3 the Athletics, of the Illinois Institution, were lately defeated by a college nine.

The garden belonging to the Michigan Institution is undergoing an important improvement by being drained.

The teachers and pupils of the West Virginia Institution enjoyed a holiday the day succeeding Easter Sunday.

MALINDA A. Longenberger and her brother Charles graduated at Philadelphia, and live in Watsonstown, Pa.

ALFRED Ireland, a type-setter in the *Star* office, has been suffering from chills lately, but is now back at his case.

T. J. McChug, Esq., of Pittsburg, has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod, near Wheeling.

The Easter examination at the West Virginia Institution passed satisfactorily, the pupils acquitting themselves well.

Dr. Corry, county superintendent of common schools, accompanied by two lady friends, lately visited the Colorado Institution.

Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, physician at the Virginia Institution, has been elected Honorary Fellow of the Abington College of Medicine.

A deaf-mute pupil, while in school, wrote on a slate saying that he was at a loss to know how far it was from heaven to hell. He had a strange idea.

Rev. O. D. Bowles, of Clarence, Ia., brother of the late Superintendent Bowles of the Kansas Institution, died March 13th at the age of 43 years.

Miss Julia E. Glover, who for years was employed in the Michigan Institution, and her brother, William, lately left Flint to visit an aunt in California.

The editor of the *Gazette* recently received a call from William Dunlap, of Rockbridge county, Va., formerly a noted civil engineer and architect of Staunton.

CHARLES DETROIT and his two sisters, all educated at Philadelphia, live near Elm Street, 8 miles from Williamsport, Pa. They live on a farm with their aged mother.

The matron and some of her staff, of the Virginia Institution, lately made a raid along Lewis Creek gathering wild flowers, of which they returned with quite a large quantity.

BISHOP Bedell confirmed a class of twelve candidates at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., Sunday evening, April 27th. One of the candidates was a member of the Rev. A. W. Mann's mission.

HANNAH SHANNON lives in the country, near Watsonstown, with her married sister. She obtained her education at Philadelphia. Her address is Turberville, Northumberland county, Pa.

PRINCIPAL Parker, of the Michigan Institution, at the second shot, cut the twig of a tree and brought down a Baltimore oriole's nest. The nest was of the hanging species, and was a curiosity.

THE principal, teachers, and officers of the West Virginia Institution were lately presented with bouquets, the results of the girls' and two teachers' raid in the woods and returning with a load of arbutus.

MARGIE Halsey lives near Milton, Pa. She has no education, but is very good, to work. She was at school for a little while, then went home and never returned; so she forgot almost every word she had learned.

CHARLES THOMPSON, one of the boys in the *Companion* office, is publishing a two-page leaflet which he calls the *Story Teller*. It is filled with simple stories, in language suitable for the younger pupils to read.

FRANK DETWELLER lives at Danville and makes a living by watch and clock repairing. He might do better, but times are hard there, and many people have left to try their luck elsewhere. He is a respectable young man.

CATAWISSA has a couple who have been married 65 years, and they are smart and bid fair to live a good while yet. Their ages are respectively 86 and 83. They have lived together happily. Their oldest daughter is smart and can do housework. She will be 65 next fall.

JOSE E. ANDREWS, of Odessa, N. Y., is well patronized in his business—bottoming chairs. While in Watkins on business lately he called upon Russell Smith at the *Democrat* office. Mrs. Andrews has recently been quite sick, but has fully recovered her health.

MARY C. SMITH has her home in Millville, Pa., with her uncle, who lives in comfortable circumstances. Her father died a few years ago at Danville, Pa., where he lived many years, and enjoyed a good reputation. She graduated at the deaf-mute institution at Philadelphia.

OSCELA Roberts recently left school to work in the office of the *Birmingham* (Ala.) *Iron Age*, of which his father is one of the publishers. Mr. Roberts informs us that the Alabama Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind will probably have a big public examination and exhibition June 20th.

JULIA HOUCK lives in the country, and writes from Berwick, Pa. She lost her hearing by sickness when a little girl. She was never sent to a deaf-mute institution, but was educated at home for a few years. She can write as well as any intelligent mute, and can talk with her friends by lip-reading.

A sister of John Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., died suddenly a few days ago at Bellefonte, Pa. He was there to see her not long ago, but did not suppose she was dangerously sick. A few days after he left Bellefonte he received a telegram announcing her death, when he went again and attended her funeral.

W. C. BROWER, lately a pupil of the Minnesota Institution and a type-setter in the *Companion* office, has received and accepted an offer of a position in the St. Cloud Journal-Press office. He is expected to return to attend the closing exercises of the institution, June next, read an essay, and receive his graduating diploma.

There are about 84 pupils at the Western Pennsylvania Institution.

A mute man, of unpleasant reputation, was lately sent to the workhouse of a western Pennsylvania city for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

COLONEL Smith, who conducted a school for deaf-mutes at Tallageo, O., before the present school at Columbus was started, is still living, in extremely feeble health, at Akron, O. He received his education at Hartford.

THE shocking news comes to us of a murder, April 24th, by one Charles Sweet, of Whitehall, N. Y., who with a revolver shot and killed his wife, and then blew his own brains out with a remaining load. Sweet was designated in the dispatches as a "deaf and dumb mute." Domestic troubles was the cause. A separation had taken place two weeks before the fatal tragedy.

Mrs. C. J. SCHULTZ, wife of Mr. George W. Schultz, died at her residence, No. 177 Third street, Williamsburg, on Saturday afternoon, the 19th inst., after a severe illness of three days. She was one of the most accomplished of the graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, having been, as Miss Maney, a great favorite of her teacher, the late Rev. J. A. Cary. After leaving school she continued her taste for reading, and at length became a very diligent student of the Bible. She was a devout communicant of the church, and has preceded her numerous relatives and friends to the rest of Paradise. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted her funeral services on Monday, the 21st inst., at 2 P. M., at the house and Evergreen Cemetery.

PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Job Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf-mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Sunday, May 4th, Nashville, Tenn.
Wednesday, " 7th, Nashville, Tenn.
Sunday, " 11th, Memphis, Tenn.
Wednesday, " 14th, Little Rock, Ark.
Sunday, " 18th, Austin, Texas.
Wednesday, " 21st, Houston, Texas.
Sunday, " 25th, Galveston, Texas.
Friday, " 30th, Jackson, Miss.
Sunday, June 1st, New Orleans, La.
Wednesday, " 4th, Mobile, Ala.
Sunday, " 8th, Montgomery, Ala.
Tuesday, " 10th, Atlanta, Ga.
Wednesday, " 11th, Macon, Ga.
Sunday, " 15th, Savannah, Ga.
Sunday, " 22d, Charleston, S. C.
Wednesday, " 25th, Wilmington, N. C.
Friday, " 27th, Goldboro, N. C.
Sunday, " 29th, Petersburg, Va.
Wednesday, July 2d, Annapolis, Md.
Sunday, " 6th, Baltimore, Md.
Monday, " 7th, York, Penn.
Wednesday, " 9th, Wilmington, Del.
Thursday, " 10th, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sunday, " 13th, Boston, Mass.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann.

Mich. City, Ind., Trinity Church, May 9
Chicago, Ill., St. James " " 11
Peoria, " St. Paul's " " 12
Rock Island, " Trinity " " 13
Davenport, Ia., Cathedral " " 14
Des Moines, " St. Paul's " " 15
Council Bluffs, Ia., St. P's " " 16
Omaha, Neb., Cathedral " " 18
St. Joseph, Mo., Christ " " 19
Atchison, Kan., Trinity " " 20
Topeka, " Grace " " 21
Kansas City, Mo., Grace " " 22
St. Louis, " St. George's " " 25
Terre Haute, Ind., St. Stephen's " " 26
Indianapolis, Christ Church " " 27
Cleveland, O., Trinity " " 28
Akron, " St. Paul's " " 29
Meadville, Pa., Christ " " 30

All those directly interested in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes are kindly requested to make the above notices as general as it is in their power to, and to bring their hearing and speaking friends with them to the services.

Why General McCulloch "Cut Off His Head."

AUSTIN, Tex., April 22, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will leave for home in Carthage, Panola county, Tex., in a few days. I was dismissed by General Henry E. McCulloch because I gave my testimony to the Investigating Committee on Asylums. He dismissed the teachers. Prof. John R. Dobyns resigned and left the institution for the deaf and dumb last week. He and his wife are in Austin. Prof. Geo. W. Walthall resigned because General McCulloch insulted him. General Henry E. McCulloch will be removed by Governor O. M. Roberts in three months, but I do not know who will succeed him. I will come back to school next fall. I will spend some months with my mother, brother, and sisters in Carthage.

Very respectfully,

W. H. LACY.

CONCLUSIONS.

First—That the savings of to-day are far greater than in the past.
Second—That the earnings of the present are greater than in 1860.
Third—That the cost of articles that enter into living has not advanced in proportion to our earnings.
Fourth—That the mass of the people are better fed, clothed, housed, and in possession of more of the comforts of life than at any other period.
Fifth—That the change has been brought about by the development of the forces of nature through discovery, invention and the use of machinery, and the harmonious working of capital and labor.
Sixth—That capital and labor, instead of being antagonistic, are naturally helpful, and that any conflict between them is brought about by elements acting beyond the control of either acting separately.—C. C. Coffin in the *Atlantic Monthly*.
—Ex-Judge George G. Barnard, of New York, died of Bright's disease of the kidneys April 27th, at the age of 49 years.

Local Paragraphs.

A very brilliant spring morning.

Farmers are doing their spring work.

We hear that the mumps are raging to some extent in town.

Alonzo Holmes, of Liverpool, N. Y., was in town last week.

Whitney & Lambie have a 5 cent department in their store.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Huntington have returned from New York.

Mrs. Albert Buskirk has lately been visiting friends in this village.

Miss Jennie Whitney, of Oswego, is visiting at Postmaster Alfred's.

Butter has recently been lower than for several years—from 10 to 12 cents.

Mrs. H. Humphries has been quite sick with quinsy for a few days past.

Orson Webb went to New York last week, where he may stay for some time.

Billy Gorman has returned from Oswego to work in Sharra's blacksmith shop.

During the fine weather of the past few days the roads have been drying very fast.

Frank Hartson is home from Hamilton College for a week or two on account of poor health.

Captain Boyd is moving into the Empire House, or Boyd's Hotel, as it is to be hereafter called.

H. D. Mallett, of Richville, N. Y., has leased the Mexico Hotel, and will take possession May 1st.

Alec Myers is buying up a large quantity of potatoes, which are bringing a very remunerative price.

William Fuller, traveling salesman, formerly clerk for C. F. Tuller, lately spent a few days with his friends here.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, returned home last Thursday, after a short but pleasant visit of two days in town with his friends.

Robert Sharra, his sister, Jennie, and Willie are sick with scarlet fever. The recovery of the latter is considered doubtful.

The pews of the M. E. Church will be rented at 1:30 next Saturday. Renters are requested to be at the church at precisely 1 P. M.

Miss Carrie Barnes recently had her left shoulder quite badly bruised at the academy by the falling of a timber. She now has the chicken-pox.

Jesse Brown is moving his machinery into the Thomas building, near the mill, and will hereafter be prepared to do all kinds of job work in his line.

Mrs. Ann Conroy was lately quite badly hurt by falling down the ricketty steps of the block in which she lives. She will probably be laid up some time.

Mr. Ira Kenyon, of Grafton Square, died last week. He had been sick for some time. His funeral was held on Friday and was very largely attended.

Mrs. S. S. Rogers and Joseph Robarge and their families have moved into the house occupied by William Sainsbury and Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Stiles.

Mr. Ebenezer Whitney, who had a paralytic shock in the fall of 1877, but for some months past has been so much improved as to be able to be on the streets quite frequently, has again been attacked by severe sickness.

Mrs. and Mrs. Boomer, of this town, have recently been sorely afflicted. A few days ago they lost a little daughter, and last week their little five-year-old son was taken from them. Their other children that are sick are said to be improving.

Baggage masters on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad have been instructed to charge and collect twenty-five cents each on sacks, valises, and trunks not called for inside of twenty-four hours, and fifty cents each when left in the baggage room over five days.

Mr. Daniel Holmes, who suffered greatly in his last few days' sickness, died last week, and his funeral was held Thursday afternoon at the M. E. Church, of which he was a devoted member, Rev. W. F. Hemenway officiating. Mr. Holmes was a true "soldier of the army of the Lord."

Mr. Orsamus Smith died quite suddenly last week, he having been on the streets up to within a day or two previous to his death. The funeral was held at the residence, at 3 P. M. Sunday, Rev. J. H. McGahan, pastor of the Baptist Church, of which Mr. Smith was a worthy member, officiating. The services were very largely attended.

A Mexico correspondent of the *Oswego Palladium* says: "Wiley Barker returned from New York last evening. He went there intending to buy the elevated railroad, Brooklyn bridge or the White Star line of steamers, but says it took more money than he had with him, so he came home without investing. Thinks Mexico the dullest town he ever saw and wonders how he ever lived here so long."

Mr. George Slack, of Prattville, whose sickness we referred to in last week's paper, died at 5 A. M. April 22d, and on the following day his funeral occurred. Mr. Slack was a diligent pupil at the district school, an arduous student at Mexico Academy, and graduated at Hamilton College. He was of a modest, quiet temperament, but of studious habits, honorable in all his dealings, a kind father, devoted husband, faithful Christian, and an exemplary member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Prattville. He had been a widower during the last few years of his life.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS. NELLIE T. SUMNER.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 26, 1879. The funeral of Mrs. Nellie T., wife of Mr. Dwight C. Sumner, of Millbury, Mass., nee Miss Nellie T. Durrell, who died Wednesday, took place at the residence of her husband at 2 P. M. Friday. The services were conducted by Rev. Henry Blanchard, pastor of the Church of the Unity of Worcester, and began by singing, from a select choir under the direction of Mr. John N. Morse, Jr., of Worcester, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden."

Rev. Mr. Blanchard then read scriptural selections and a poem entitled "Sweet Patience," after which he made brief remarks on the life and character of the deceased, followed by a very impressive prayer. The choir then sang "It is well, beloved, it is well." The remains were then viewed by the large number present, the house being full, and many were obliged to stand out of doors. The floral display was the most elaborate ever seen in this vicinity.

At the head of the casket was an elegant cross, and a crescent of cut flowers, and in the center was the name "Nellie" in letters of purple violets. Next to this was an elaborate wreath, the upper part very large, while in the lower part, in letters of rose-buds, was the name "Nellie," and on the foot of the casket was a basket of choice flowers. The casket was lined with cut flowers. On the stand, on the left, rested a harp of rose-buds, the strings of violets. On the mantle over the casket were several bouquets and baskets of cut flowers, while above the mantle, over the mirror, was a large wreath, and the pictures and brackets were loaded with flowers. The pall-bearers were Messrs. N. H. Sears, H. W. Sweetser, Simon Farnsworth, and—Lord.

Deceased was formerly of Worcester, and was for seven years a teacher in the Oread Institute, where she was much beloved. The professor of the Oread, Rev. Harris R. Greene, and his wife were present, and many others from Worcester, Providence, R. I., Fall River, Mass., Portland, Me., and other cities. She was also a teacher of a class of deaf-mutes, after leaving the Oread Institute, a number of whom were present at the funeral to pay their last sad respects to her whom they had learned to love so well.

Although the deceased had resided in this town but a few years, she had won a large number of warm friends, and she leaves many friends, not only in this vicinity, but wherever she was known, to mourn her loss. The following mutes were present: W. H. Green and wife, Miss J. Trask, Jr., Mrs. D. B. Howe, and Miss Alice L. Houghton, all of Worcester.

OFFERS TO STAKE THE MONEY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please give me a little space in your valuable paper to give "Fair Play" and others some information about Mr. McFaul and his running feats. The New York *Herald* and other first-class papers have given him credit, but no more than he deserved. He is the

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

AMANDA McLAUGHLIN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 15, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Early this morning the household of the deaf-mute institution in Rochester was aroused and shocked by the startling intelligence of the sad fate which had befallen Mrs. McLaughlin and her little daughter Amanda.

Mrs. McLaughlin was a native of Palatine, Genesee county, N. Y., and was educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. She leaves two little ones, a boy, six years of age, and an infant, but a few months old. Mr. McLaughlin was born and educated in Ireland, and has been for several years occupied as a shoemaker at Avon.

Amanda was a winsome child, easily guided through her affections, sensitive, and pained even by a slight rebuke. She was in the ninth year of her age, and had been at the institution in Rochester since its opening, in the fall of 1876. Bright, affectionate, and uniformly happy, she was loved by all. She came to us with no language other than that of signs, but, with a mind that sought eagerly and grasped quickly the words and combinations of words that gave expression to her thoughts, she made rapid advancement. Those teachers who have watched with loving interest the development of her young mind and heart feel that many fond hopes are laid away with that dear form.

In the fall of 1877 Amanda began to receive instruction in articulation. She gave, at first, no marked promise of success; and, because her progress was not very rapid, she was last fall classified with the beginners. Day by day, during the past few months, she has been developing into a living evidence of the possibility of success in teaching the deaf to speak. It was hoped that this deaf child of deaf parents might one day become a convincing example of what patience and perseverance, on the part of teacher and pupil, may accomplish. Her voice was unusually sweet, and her powers of observation and imitation acute. With a bright smile, she daily greeted her teacher with the morning salutation, "I love you." That happy smile and pleasant voice will long linger in the memory. The last words she uttered were four lines of the Child's Evening Prayer:

"Now I lay me
Down to sleep;
I pray the Lord
My soul to keep."

The enunciation seemed so unusually clear and sweet that the teacher's heart was filled with gratitude for what had been accomplished,—hope for what might be. Shall we mourn that the patient plodding and partial success are over? Rather will we be thankful that the Saviour has said to the closed ear and the bound tongue, Ephesians.

[The above letter came too late for last week's paper, in which the sad, fatal railroad accident that befell Mrs. McLaughlin and her daughter is related.—Ed.]

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

KENTUCKY INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, DANVILLE, Ky., April 22, 1879.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This is an incorporated village, of about four thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a most delightful country carpeted with verdure. It is the third oldest town in this State, the history of which says that the first State Legislature met here. It is lighted with gas, and its streets are well laid out, like those of any city. The citizens are, most of them, highly refined and cultivated in their manners. I am much pleased with the appearance of this very fine agricultural country. The grass is beginning to look green and the trees are putting forth leaves fast. Yesterday afternoon Superintendent Dudley gave me a ride, about the well-cultivated country, which I enjoyed very much.

I reached this place last Saturday night, when Mr. Dudley and one of his assistants, Mr. Yeager, kindly met me at the depot and escorted me to this fine institution, where I am resting for a day or two. I am having very charming weather for my brief visit.

While I was in Cincinnati I visited the day school for deaf-mutes, and Professors McGregor and King, both deaf-mutes, showed me some of their school exercises. There are about forty deaf-mute pupils in the school. I learned from Mr. McGregor that he was disappointed about ten more, and that the legislature, now in session at Columbus, would probably pass a bill establishing an institution at Cincinnati. If the bill becomes a law the school will be covered into a State institution. May success attend McGregor and King. There is but one deaf-mute school in Ohio, while there are about seven in New York, and these States are almost equally as large.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor made my short sojourn pleasant. At their house I met Mr. George M. Rice, a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College, who told me that he expected to edit a paper before long.

I called on Mrs. Gray, M. D., and her deaf-mute daughter, Leonora, and passed the evening pleasantly.

Last Sunday, according to appointment, I had the pleasure and privilege of officiating here twice. It was a very balmy Sabbath day.

Yesterday afternoon I received a letter from St. Louis, from which I was sorry to learn that the scarlet fever was prevalent in Fulton, Mo., and that the deaf-mute school would, therefore,

be broken up soon. Some of the pupils had reached their homes in that city. The letter says that the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann will hold a service in St. Louis on the 25th of May next, and that the former will baptize two little children of deaf-mute parents there on that day.

There are eighty-five pupils in this institution, with which is connected five instructors, three of whom are deaf-mutes, their names being Messrs. Schoolfield and Yeager and Miss Stevens.

Mr. Schoolfield has a deaf-mute wife and two speaking sons. He is a good taxidermist; that is, he can stuff birds and animals for preservation. A dead fox was given him some weeks ago, and he has succeeded in stuffing it so well that it looks like a living fox. He says he can stuff any bird in an hour or two. He has shown me his museum containing a good number of birds and a few animals, which he stuffed with his own hands. He says he will add many other stuffed birds, &c., to the museum. He has a golden eagle and two hawks, all living. He does not know what he will do with them. He is a well-informed gentleman. He is now expecting the skin of a catamount, or American tiger, for stuffing, from the mountains in this county, which abound with such animals. A white hawk, about 25 years old, will be sent to him in a short time.

Miss Belle Beard, who was, for some three months, temporarily employed as a teacher in this institution, last week retired to Wilsonville, Ky., her home, after the arrival of the new principal, Mr. Dudley. She is a sister of Mr. Schoolfield's wife.

I am going to Lexington this afternoon to fill an appointment to-morrow.

Sincerely yours,
JOB TURNER.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 24, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I am now writing this letter in full sight of the ancient court house, about one hundred years old, within the walls of which building Henry Clay made some of his grandest oratorical efforts.

I arrived here from Danville last Tuesday, and met Mr. Robert H. King at the depot, whose guest I am, and whose unaffected hospitality I am enjoying very much indeed. On my arrival he gave me a letter from the Rev. Dr. Tidball, in which he said: "I have been unexpectedly called away from my parish on duty, and hence will not be able to hold the service which I desired to hold, on Wednesday, in furtherance of your work. I am very sorry that I cannot see you—hope you can come to Lexington at some other time." I believe it was providential. The Lord's will be done; I am, however, much encouraged in my mission work. I shall come to this fine city again, late in the fall, when I shall endeavor to establish some more missions in this State, God permitting. In the meantime I shall take as full a census of Kentucky deaf-mutes as I can.

From Mr. King's office is seen an old monument, erected to the memory of William Taylor Barry by the county court as a token of its respect and admiration for his virtues and talents. On Andrew Jackson's ascension to the Presidency he was called to his Cabinet as Post-Master-General, which office he held till the first of May, 1833, when he was appointed United States Minister to Spain. On his way to Madrid he breathed his last at Liverpool, August 30th, and his body lies at Albion's White Shore.

Lexington is a very fine city, of about 25,000 inhabitants, surrounded by a very beautiful country, clothed with verdure. Every thing looks green and pretty. This place abounds in historical associations, and I would, if time permitted, tell you many incidents. I think proper to relate two or three facts, too important to be put on the shelf.

Dr. Samuel Brown, once a resident of this place, introduced vaccination into the United States. In 1788 William West was an inhabitant of this place. He is said to have been the first painter or artist that ever settled in the vast region this side of the mountains, and to have studied the art under the celebrated Benjamin West in England.

Edward West, the first watch-maker in this place, was a hard student and a close investigator, from which it appears that he was a man of great mechanical genius. He spent all his leisure time in experimenting with steam, and steam machinery of his own construction, and at last succeeded in propelling his boat, by means of steam, on the river near this place. It was this invention in 1793, 14 years before Fitch's in 1807. He obtained a patent for his wonderful invention, and also one for a nail cutting machine, the first ever invented. Models of both inventions were deposited in the Patent Office, but they were, unfortunately, destroyed when Washington was burnt by the British, in 1814.

In 1827 Thomas H. Barlow, once a citizen of this place, attracted public attention by constructing the first locomotive and the first railroad in Western America. The models are yet in existence in the museum of the Lunatic asylum located in this place.

I am informed that the intelligence of the death of General George Washington, which took place December 14th, 1799, did not reach the ears of the people of Lexington until January 22d, 1800.

A little more than one mile from this city is Ashland, once the home of Henry Clay, which is now owned by the Kentucky University. It is one of the finest farms that Kentucky can boast. Yesterday I won't the beautiful cemetery where he and several other distinguished statesmen lie buried. I made a pilgrimage to the Clay

monument, in the chamber of which I saw a marble sarcophagus, containing his body, on the floor, and not under the ground, and also that of his wife, who died in April, 1864. Before his death, he made a sign to have his shirt collar opened, and then passed away, June 29th, 1852. The monument is 120 feet high, with his statue 12 feet high on its top. The grave of his mother attracted my attention. On her monument is engraven: "This monument, a tribute to her many domestic virtues, has been promoted by the filial affection and veneration of one of her grateful sons, H. Clay." I remained about one hour in the cemetery in deep meditation of the frailty of human life. I visit every cemetery for this purpose.

Mr. Robert H. King, who has been entertaining me so hospitably, is a native of Lexington, Ky., graduated at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Danville, in 1859, and was engaged in teaching a deaf-mute, privately, until the civil war broke out, when he went into the Federal service. He rose rapidly to prominence, and held positions of great honor and responsibility. In 1867 he was called upon to allow his name to go before the Union Convention as a candidate for Register of Public Lands; but, on account of his youth, he declined the honor, and preferred to continue in the military service. In 1868, during the early part of President Grant's first term, he was prominently recommended for appointment as Collector of the Port of Louisville, which position had, however, been awarded to another applicant. He applied for the appointment of pension agent at Louisville, equipped with strong recommendations from many army officers, of high rank, with whom he had served, and also from many prominent and influential citizens of Louisville and other parts of Kentucky, but he was defeated by Hon. Samuel McKee, of Louisville. In 1871 he was thrown out of the service by the reduction of the army. He went to St. Louis, where he was engaged in business for three years. In 1874 he returned to his native place, Lexington, and has since been engaged in the insurance business.

Mr. King is a fine writer and a keen observer, and has contributed extensively to the country papers, and as correspondent for some of the leading journals. He is held in great esteem by all who know him. He is a very wonderful man. He says he was born deaf, and can speak as plainly as any body. He still speaks highly of his old teacher, Rev. Samuel B. Cheek, now deceased. He says Mr. Cheek was an excellent teacher.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. King and I went out to the beautiful blue grass country to visit Mr. John M. Garth and his bride, formerly Miss Lizzie Layton, both graduates of the Kentucky Institution. We enjoyed our call very much. We bade good-bye to them pretty late in the night, and returned home safely. Mr. King had a fast horse, which carried us seven miles in about an hour. They live on a very fine farm. May God bless them both with health, happiness, and prosperity. I leave here for Frankfort this afternoon to fill an appointment to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 25, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—One of my appointments has found me in this place to-day. Yesterday afternoon I bade adieu to Mr. Robert H. King in Lexington, after a very delightful sojourn of two days, and found myself here in about two hours.

After my arrival I wended my way to the cemetery upon a very high bluff, commanding a view of the Kentucky River and a fine country. The bluff is about 300 feet high. While I was there I felt as if I were soaring through the air like an eagle. There I saw the grave of Daniel Boone, the first explorer of Kentucky, whose biography is too well known to need a repetition. I cast my eyes upon the resting-places of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, Governor Morehead, Governor Crittenden, Colonel McKee, Colonel Henry Clay, Jr., both the latter killed in the battle of Buena Vista, and several other brave heroes of the Mexican war. It made me feel sad to look at the graves of the first three distinguished statesmen, whom I saw in Washington when they were in Congress. It warns us all to be prepared for the sojourn of time that cut them all down, in spite of the great honors which had been bestowed upon them. A beautiful sight it was, from that "city of the dead," to see the sun setting in the western horizon.

This morning I visited the State Prison, which is truly quite a sight. It contains 1,020 convicts, forty of whom are females. Fifty-four of the males and three of the females are condemned for life. They say that there are 108 more blacks than whites in the prison, and that there have been twenty-five deaths from pneumonia since last January. The trades are shoe making, blacksmithing, cooperage, chair making, cabinet making, carriage making, churn making, turning, hemp making, cutting stones, carpentering, and tailoring.

Franklin county, in which Frankfort is situated, was so named in honor of the distinguished patriot and statesman Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The staple products of this country are wheat, corn, oats, and hemp. Frankfort is beautifully situated in the midst of the wild and romantic scenery which renders the Kentucky Run so remarkable.

To-night a service for deaf-mutes has been conducted in the Church of the Ascension, in this city, the inside of which is splendid. After service I had the pleasure of meeting a deaf-mute lady, Miss Maggie McKee, of

Farmdale, Franklin county, Ky., a graduate of the Kentucky Institution. She will be confirmed in that church by Bishop Dudley, next Sunday. I must bid you good-night. I am going to Louisville to-morrow morning.

Sincerely yours,
JOB TURNER.

RING OUT THE CHANGES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Within the past few years I have attended many of the exhibitions held by our deaf-mute schools, not only in this vicinity, but in other parts of the country, still I have yet to see one managed on a plan similar to those of the New York Institution, where, to my mind, they are conducted in a rather curious manner, and in a way that astonishes the people, who, usually the next morning, read in their newspapers a brilliant account of what is being done for the "unfortunate" deaf and dumb, and consider them, as a whole, a rather lucky class; but such, I think, is not the fact. On these "interesting occasions" are found most of the more advanced pupils, who, upon making their appearance upon the rostrum, go through the identical exercises, with slight variations, which they have given on similar occasions year after year, and yet the people are led to believe that there are but a few of the many well-educated mutes who are connected with the institution. I should like, for the sake of a change, to see this proven, for I certainly know that many of those who take part in the exhibitions received a large portion of their education elsewhere. Nevertheless these are shown, to the exclusion of others who are possibly as well educated, as examples of what the institution is doing for the unfortunate class. I think this is wrong and that reform is needed here as well as in other departments of that school, and, as a stitch in time saves much trouble, so a change for the better in the conduct of these exhibitions will save much comment.

W.
New York, April 22, 1879.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MISS JULIA HOUCK.

Berwick, Pa., April 21, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some time ago, through the kindness of Mr. Robert Arnold, an intelligent deaf-mute, of Kingston, Pa., your excellent paper was introduced to me. I became very much interested in its contents. Without further preliminaries, allow me to introduce myself to you.

I became totally deaf at the age of seven years, through the effects of scarlet fever. My parents were very anxious to send me away to a school for mutes, but I protested so earnestly against it, (silly child that I was) that they allowed me to remain at home, and engaged one who was able to impart instruction to mutes to instruct me. I greatly deplore my childish cowardice now, for I lost much by not having been thrown into daily contact, when a child, with those as unfortunate as myself, as I cannot converse as readily, by signs, as I would, had I been surrounded by mutes in my childhood. However, I am trying to remedy this defect in my education by becoming acquainted with all the educated deaf-mutes that I possibly can; and right here I must say that I owe much to Mr. Arnold and his talented wife—also a deaf-mute—for assisting me in my pursuit of knowledge.

I was very much interested in a communication from Catawissa, in the number of your paper which I saw, and hope "Bub" will be heard from again. I rather suspect that I have the honor of his acquaintance. I have long wanted to see more of the writings of mutes, and find that your paper is just the thing.

Enclosed please find thirty-eight cents, for which you will please forward the JOURNAL to my address for the next three months. Should this meet with a favorable reception, I shall be most happy to contribute an article with a more interesting title than self in some future number of your paper. Before closing I must explain to you that I belong to that much-despised, much-abused class—"old maids," having reached the "shady side" of forty.

Yours truly,
JULIA HOUCK.

[Many thanks are due to the "old maid," as she designates herself, for the above interesting letter, and we hope she will furnish us with more frequent communications.—Ed.]

NEWS FROM THE GEORGIA INSTITUTION.

CAVE SPRINGS, Ga., April 22, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—My subscription to the JOURNAL will be out in a few days. I enclose you one dollar and fifty cents to continue it another year. I am pleased to tell you that I take great interest in reading the JOURNAL. I am in hope that the old mutes in the United States will like very much to read it. I think it is one of the brightest, most enterprising, and, withal, most liberal of the northern papers.

In the Georgia Institution there are four classes. All the pupils are doing very finely.

Sincerely yours,
JAS. FISHER.

A CORRECTION.

MR. RIDER:—I did say in my Midway, Va., letter that the Christian General Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson never called the enemy Yankees, but you omitted the word never, I believe through carelessness. They always called the Federal soldiers enemies, instead of calling them Yankees.

JOB TURNER.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER'S VISIT AT MRS. GRAY'S.

CINCINNATI, O., April 24, 1879.
FRIEND RIDER:—Again I ask for a little space, a snug corner in your good paper. I wish to communicate the fact of Prof. Job Turner's visit to our home last week, and how pleasant his stay was. As I looked into the placid face of that venerable man, and gazed with delight and reverence on his silvered locks, I said, mentally, "A hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." No person can look on that man of God and not feel his silent power. There is an eloquence in his silence, a power all must feel. A native politeness he manifests, showing what culture, reading, and thought can do and has done. Then I asked, "What has given to this man such a placid appearance?" The answer was returned—Christian culture and influence. What a lesson all this teaches our young men of that order (I mean deaf-mutes.) Purity of style and purity of manner he has to a very great extent. Then is it any wonder that he is blessed? Our pattern, our divine Teacher has left these words on record: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." When called to his reward, and entered into his heavenly rest, may his mantle fall on many who now listen to his holy words of counsel and advice. God bless our standard-bearer, Job Turner, is the prayer of his friend.

MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The concluding items in my last letter to the JOURNAL were in anticipation of the debate on the question "Which exerts the most influence the press or the pulpit?" which was set down for Saturday evening, April 5th. The debate took place at the time appointed, and, to the surprise of everybody, the pulpit was decided the most influential by a vote of 66 to 30. This unlooked for result was mostly due to the careless manner in which the champions for the press discussed the question in its favor. Of course the debaters for the opposite side took advantage of this lack of caution, and hence the result above recorded.

In the last issue of your paper appeared a short notice commenting upon the recent victory of Mr. Chester Q. Mann in the games given by the Columbia College Boat Club, at Gilmore's Garden, on the afternoon of April 5th. Previous to this affair Mr. Mann enjoyed the reputation of being a pretty fair pedestrian, but no one, not even his most intimate friends, had looked forward to such an exhibition of pluck and endurance. To have succeeded in defeating 121 competitors was an honor that must be conceded by all to be grand, but what is more wonderful is the fact that of all on the track he was the only one who went through his work without a stop. From the moment of the word "go," at 1 o'clock, he kept on in the same dog trot, without a break, till 5 o'clock had finished the race and made him the victor with a record of 29 miles in 4 hours. This may not seem very wonderful compared with the records of other performers, but when it is considered that he was compelled to practice only in such spare moments as were left after school and work it will be seen that his victory was one which entitled him to unbounded praise. The medal, which was the first prize for this event, and which he now holds is of very beautiful design, said to be of solid gold, and valued at \$25. It is almost as large as a policeman's shield, though of different design, and far more valuable than a peeler's sign of power.

On the evening of Sunday, April 6th, Dr. Gallaudet held services in the Episcopal Church in this village, which were attended by many of our pupils of that denomination. The next morning the Doctor officiated at our morning chapel services, and late in the day attended a meeting of the committee of instruction. On Tuesday, the 8th, we were pleased to see our old friends Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet and Miss Satie Howard, who took us completely by surprise, but were, nevertheless, very welcome. Since then visitors have been numerous and daily on the increase. Among those whom we have had the pleasure of greeting may be mentioned Senor Camilo Antonio Carmona, United States of Columbia Consul, at Philadelphia, and his wife, who visited the institution on the 4th inst.

On the 7th inst., Mr. Mackay, the venerable founder of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Montreal, which bears his name, graced our institution and was shown its workings, with which he seemed greatly pleased. The last, but not least, of our recent guests—whom space will permit me to mention was Professor Hart, teacher of articulation in the Rochester Institution for Deaf-Mutes, whom we had the honor of entertaining on the 15th inst. Mr. Hart has just arisen from a bed of sickness, which was not altogether flowery, and which has kept him quiet for the last four months. We had heard much of him, and are glad that the opinion that we formed of him, viz., that he is a kind and (pardon the expression) jovial gentleman, is correct. We hope to see more of him in the future.

The stereopticon lecture of Friday evening, the 11th inst., was "Egypt and India," which Professor Currier illustrated with new views. The interest attached to these places, by the present trouble between England and the Zulus, added much zest to the lecture. The scenes consisted chiefly of views of the seat of the present struggle between the contending parties.

Easter Sunday passed pleasantly, and was observed with more than usu-

al solemnity. At the afternoon services the choir of the first division of the first (female) class rendered into signs "Christ the Lord is risen again" in their usual excellent style. After this we enjoyed one of Dr. Peet's best sermons, which was subsequently followed by the rendering into signs of the Decalogue by three members of the second division of the first class. The services closed with the benediction from Dr. Peet. On the platform was displayed a very beautiful floral tribute, the offering of the female pupils, which was of beautiful design and large in size.

In the evening an Easter lecture, portraying the various scenes in the life of Christ, was illustrated by excellent views, selected especially for the occasion, which were accompanied with appropriate explanations. At the same time the pupils of the Presbyterian persuasion attended communion services at Dr. Stoddard's Church in the village, and received the Lord's Supper. Dr. Peet interpreted the sermon for the benefit of the pupils.

The order of business of the Fanwood Literary Association for Saturday evening, April 19th, was to have been a lecture by Mr. H. D. Reaves on Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello." However, "man proposes and God disposes," and on the evening of the appointed day Mr. R. was decidedly indisposed, and consequently no lecture could be given. In the predicament the president and vice-president acted with commendable promptness, and three hours before the meeting of the association they had substituted a question for debate and selected debaters. When the association met, at 7:15 p. m., Mr. Fox, the chairman, having explained the cause of the sudden change in the order of proceedings, introduced the debaters, who immediately set to work to submit their respective arguments on the question "Should Chinese immigration be stopped?" The debate was well contested and resulted in a tie—81 to 81—the chairman having "tied" the vote by casting his vote for the negative. F. Washington Heights, April 19, 1879.

SOME OF MAINE'S DEAF-MUTE TEACHERS.

DANVILLE JUNCTION, Me., April 21, '79.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am much interested in your valuable paper, which is a brilliant star among the deaf-mute papers. I intend to die a subscriber.

What State can beat Maine? The State of Maine is remarkable for deaf-mute teachers, viz., Messrs. Melville Ballard, in Washington, D. C., George Wing, in Minnesota, Samuel Green, in Canada, Fisher A. Spofford, in the West, and John Crane and Misses Mary Haskell and Nancy Wing in the American Asylum. It is reported that Mr. Crane is the best educated teacher in the United States. Mr. Spofford and Misses Haskell and Wing have passed away. Messrs. Ballard and Wing were my classmates in the Gallaudet High Class of the American Asylum.

Miss M. Greenlaw, who is a native of Deer Isle, Me., is a valuable matron in the American Asylum, and is kind, affectionate, and obliging. She has a very amiable disposition.

Mr. A. A. Small, lately of Auburn, Me., is the supervisor of the boys at the American Asylum. He is a sharp-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman, and has a long, dark mustache.

Mr. Abner Campbell, a former pupil of the American Asylum, has lately bought a nice farm, containing about 15 acres, in New Gloucester, Me. Mrs. Benjamin Rowe, who is a widow, and is a sister of Mr. Campbell's wife, lives with them. Mrs. Rowe lost her husband by being killed by the cars some years ago.

Respectfully yours,
H. F. HICKS.

Renewing--Farmers Assigning--A Good Example--Overhauling a Seminary.

FORT PLAIN, N. Y., April 20, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—Enclosed please find \$1.50 to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL for one year. I have been highly pleased with it since I commenced taking it, and honestly say that it is much better than any other paper of its kind, as far as I know.

We are having remarkably pleasant weather to-day. Last Friday snow fell to the depth of ten inches, but it is going fast now.

My father will commence building a new barn in a week or two, provided the weather gets settled. Its dimensions will be 80 feet long and 40 feet wide. He intends to put on a slate roof.

Some of the farmers in this place have made assignments, and I am afraid that many others will be obliged to go to the wall unless better prices are obtained for crops.

The friends and old classmates of Simeon T. Garlock will be glad to learn that he is in the enjoyment of good health. He resides in Fort Plain, is a carpenter by occupation, and is one of the most skillful workmen in the village. He has made a contract with Jeremiah Failing to build a wing to his residence. His family consists of a wife and child. His son can hear and speak. He is a bright boy and goes to school. I am in hopes that he will make a dutiful son, as I often notice that he delights in talking with his parents. Simeon owns two houses, one of which is used as a tenement. The tenement is a two-story and is occupied by two families. It is said to be one of the nicest buildings in Fort Plain. Simeon built it not only with his own hands, but also at his own expense. I heard that Simeon, having bought the house which is his residence, had it mortgaged. Many of his friends thought that he could not pay off the mortgage because he is a deaf-mute. He worked hard, and when he

got a dollar he paid it to his creditors. He did this until he paid the debt. Such an example is well worthy of imitation.

The Fort Plain Seminary, located on a hill about one-half mile south of the New York Central Railroad, is being repaired. When finished it will be called the Clinton Liberal Institute of Fort Plain. Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been appointed President of the institute and also pastor of the Church of the Messiah at Fort Plain. He will move to Fort Plain on the first of May. He is the most distinguished Universalist clergyman in Buffalo if I mistake not. I am in hopes that he will make a valuable president.

Truly yours,
YOUNG FARMER.

CINCINNATI NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A birthday party was given at the residence of Mr. Jos. H. Vance in Newport, Ky., in honor of his wife, April 11th. Her birthday occurred some months previous, but the party was unavoidably postponed till that night. About eighteen mutes assembled at 7:30 p. m., and were soon ushered into the dining-room, where we discussed a nice supper, after which the usual games. A new game was introduced, after the Knickerbocker style, by Miss L. C. Gray, formerly of Brooklyn. For want of a name, I will call it "Air, Earth, Water, Game."

For the benefit of those not acquainted with the play I will try to explain it. A semi-circle is formed, and one is selected to make the question. Suppose a lady stands and asks a gentleman, "Air?" The gentleman must immediately give the name of a thing that lives or stays in the air. If he gives the correct answer he is let off. The questioner then tries another man till one fails to answer correctly; then he is made to stand up and try a lady in the same manner. Some amusing things occurred. One incident I will tell. A lady spelt "Air" to Mr. James Byrns, who, eager to be let off, said "Kitten," when he intended it for "Kite." The idea of a kitten living in the air caused a roar of laughter among the audience. The guests played this and other games till a late hour, when they adjourned to their respective homes, hoping that the hostess would live happy till another birthday "shall come."

Among the mutes present at the party from abroad, besides Miss Gray, was Mr. J. C. Barkley, of Moscow, O. He has been an invalid for the past year, and is in the city now under the medical treatment of an eminent physician, and I am pleased to learn that he is improving slowly.

Joe Kholoff, a well-known knight of the scissors (I mean in cutting cloth, not an exchange fiend), of Brookville, Md., has followed Horace Greeley's immortal advice, "Go west," sold his interest, packed his valuables, and set out for Jackson, Mich., Flint, or some other thriving place, where he intends to "grow up with the country."

P. Thimmes, who has been absent from Cincinnati for two years past, has returned to this city and will remain here. He is a pleasant man, and we welcome him to our midst.

Miss Mary Bogie, who has been sojourning in this city all winter, will return to Portsmouth, O., next May. We are sorry to lose her.

The fourth annual deaf-mute picnic of Cincinnati will take place Monday, June 30th, at the Bellevue House, a beautiful top-hill resort. The committee to manage the coming picnic are as follows: M. Runkel, R. P. McGregor, P. Thimmes, R. King, and Jesse Hoagland. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the destitute children of Mr. McGregor's day school. Judging from the present outlook, it will be a success. The committee invite all mutes from abroad to come and join in merry-making and at the same time contributing to a worthy cause. Many mutes of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana have signified their intention to be present.

Mrs. Z. W. Hoagland, wife of William Hoagland, is lying dangerously ill at her home in Covington. She is 68 years old, and was one of the earliest pupils at the Danville school.

MERCURY.

SACO NEWS.

SACO, Me., April 17, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Mr. William Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., came to my house this forenoon. The Biddeford and Saco Society of Deaf-Mutes, three deaf-mutes of South Windham, and two from Lewiston came in the evening. Mr. Bailey arose and talked to them about the New England Industrial Home, and the Institution for the deaf-mutes in Rome, N. Y. They were all interested in the discourse.

Mr. Bailey preached to the deaf-mutes at the Unitarian vestry yesterday forenoon and afternoon, taking for his subject the life of Christ.

We had a prayer-meeting at my house Sabbath evening, April 20th.

A. TYCOMB.

PRESENTED WITH A NEW SUIT.

BIDDEFORD, Me., April 23, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Daniel Cleaves and his wife, of Saco, have been remembered by their deaf-mute friends in this city, who called at the residence of John W. Page on fast day, the 17th of April, and presented Daniel with a nice suit as a token of their regards, wishing him happiness and prosperity through life, which was responded to with many thanks. It was a pleasant occasion.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. PAGE.

D.R.D. KENNEDY
SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER
RODOUT, N.Y.